

## Watching and Waiting

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## Watching and Waiting

> <meta name="Author"> watch and wait Well, here's my attempt at part two of "Memories hold the key". I'm still hoping some one out there with a better command of world history and the Highlander universe will give me some pointers on how to make this a better story. Same Email address as before.

>These characters are not my creations, I have only thrown a spin on the immortal idea. <p>Watching and Waiting <br>

"Magi", the council clerk called out to his superior, "Netan the watcher guard has returned from scouting on the third planet in the Kintsenta system. I sent message to him advising on your urgent request for an audience." The magi was a little unsettled by the eminency of their meeting. He had been keeping close tabs on Jathon the exile's existence on the third planet and hadn't like the projections he was hearing. First, although time past far more quickly for the species that inhabited the planet, the planet's cycle hadn't affected the life span of Jathon and his outcast family. In fact, he had been informed through the watcher guards that the electromagnetic harmonics of the Kintsenta system's sun were enhancing the healing power of their progeny's life-force. Apparently the children born to Jathon were not easy to kill. In fact, reports stated that even after receiving terminal injuries, the progeny's life-force was able to revive them. This is not good, the magi thought to himself. Our punishment to Jathon involved enhancing their reproductive capacities. If they keep producing children with the reported vitality, the effects.... The magi shivered. He had to develop a plan.

> The only certain way to eliminate the threat posed by Jathon's progeny was to kill them all. Given their metabolic adaptation to life on the third planet, this would mean that they would all have to be beheaded to ensure death. Of course if the children were beheaded, their life-force would be released and they would no longer be a

threat to Kintaka. But, this would also mean the loss of their Quiczen and the magi didn't want consider the consequences of that. The Quiczen was the mental essence of all Kintakans. Upon death the head would be detached from the body to allow its release. The Quiczen cloud was very powerful, if it could ever be harnessed it could cause the implosion of their entire universe. The Quiczen also was alive, or so was believed by the Kintakans. Any time the life force of a deceased Kintakan was not released to the Quiczen, it would retaliate by causing pestilence and global catastrophes. In fact the people believed that it was the council choice of punishment against Emperor Yetan and his armies that brought the 26 year drought that nearly decimated the entire planet. The council believed Yetan's crime were so heinous that they sentenced him and his followers to death by explosion. They forced them into twenty-six canires class settlement ships and sent them out into space. Then the battle cruisers that escorted them fired on them with photon torpedoes. There wasn't a single molecule left intake after the explosion. Two months later, the continent Cinra, closest to the resting place of the Quiczen cloud reported a locus like cloud approaching the site at an incredibly high velocity. After impact the oceans began to steam. Then the lakes. Within a two year time, every exposed water source on the entire planet had dried up. It was unlike anything any Kintakan had ever seen, or had ever recorded seeing. The entire global population believed it was caused by the wrath of Yetan's returning Quiczen. Never again would the council risk mistreating anyone's Quiczen. Which left the problem of Jathon. After the setting of the moon Kena the council's plan was to send watcher guards to the third planet in the Kintsenta system to retrieve all the bodies so the Quiczen could be properly released. They did not anticipate the affects that planet's atmosphere and gravitational constraints were having on the progeny. First, time was passing much quicker for them than for Kintaka. But while Jathon's family would produce hundreds more children than the typical Kintaka, the progeny could not be killed by ordinary means. Five seasons ago the magi had the watcher guard kidnap one of the progeny to see if their resiliency was retained away from the third planet. Not only did it remain, but the progeny was stronger. The council had to behead him shortly after the tests because the barbarian attempted to strangle the two watcher guards detaining him. The magi was scared. Jathon's family had already produced at least three hundred offspring in the seven seasons they had been exiled. The only one of all those children that had died was the progeny that the watchers brought back to Kintaka. The progeny was even a threat to the native inhabitants to the infant planet. Many were using their unique physiology to control and rule over the natives. What could the council do? <br>If they attempted to slaughter Jathon's progeny, their Quiczen would remember and would wreck havoc on the planet as did Yetan's. If they did nothing, after the setting of Kena they would have a battalion of sworn enemies ready to subdue Kintaka. The only positive aspect was that the progeny, except for the first born, knew nothing of their heritage and how they came to be exiled. The magi was very glad he suggested to the discipline council that Jathon not be permitted to keep any of the children past their first few hours of birth. This way Jathon would have no way of influencing the children, nor of plotting revenge through them. Further the industrial level of the natives was incredible rudimentary. In some parts the people hadn't even realized that they could use animals for transportation, let alone building a singlet ship. This fact gave the council some time, but not much.

>The magi was not a violent man. He had opposed the death of Yetan's

men but was voted down. Because of his stance then, the combined governmental boards from all five continents selected him as magi over the council. But now, in order to protect his world from the potential invasion of Jathon's progeny he had to devise a way to shed their blood, without incurring the wrath of their Quiczen. The plotting process had kept him awake for eighteen nights straight, without any relief. Then an idea struck him. <br> It was in the wake of conceiving his plan that the magi anxiously awaited Netan the watcher's report. He had not discussed his idea with the rest of the council; and even if it worked he still hadn't planned on conferring with them, at least not yet. His idea was dangerous, very easy to backfire. But he knew he had to do something; he had to design some type of contingency plan. The ignorance of both the progeny and the natives of the third planet worked perfectly into his plan. Plus since the memory of the eldest was locked until the going down of Kena his plan had a high success rate. The magi didn't want the plan to succeed. It would be so unfair to deceive the progeny thus; but if he didn't they wouldn't hesitate to do the same to them, the magi reasoned in himself. Plus, didn't Jathon deserve this, the magi thought. His selfishness lead to the needless deaths of millions. Jathon was a mass murder through silence. His children, however thought the magi, had nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, they would suffer because of Jathon's foolishness. He didn't feel bad about deceiving the natives. They reminded him of simplistic wingo bats that lived in the forest regions on Karana and Cinra. Some of their scientist believed the animals possessed a rudimentary intelligence, but the magi disagreed. He had supported the slaughter of the wingo bats to reprocess their body fluids during the great drought. Besides, his plans for the progeny would not affect the natives on the third planet. In fact, his plan will help protect them from the excesses of the progeny.

> "Magi, " the page interrupted the magi's musing on the situation. "Netan is in your private chambers waiting for your conference." "Thank you" replied the magi simply. He quietly walked towards his chamber mulling over his plan while nodding at the passing council members. If his plan succeeded, their concerns would be resolved. If it did not, the possible repercussions could be severe. The best possible failure was that the progeny would not fall for their plot and refuse to participate. The worst was that there would be a massive slaughter of the progeny releasing a Quiczen cloud strong enough to shake the third planet and force it out of orbit in Kintsenta. His plan had to succeed, or fail quietly. The magi reached his chambers and sat at his desk with his hands in his lap trying to look as tranquil as a man plotting the demise of an entire population could be. His heart was shaking inside him as his hands twitched. Netan entered into the magi's chamber and bowed before him. "I have returned from the mission." "And your findings?" The magi stood up quickly at Nethan's approach. He was working hard to maintain his semblance of composure before Netan. "The natives are truly barbarians sir. The strongest among them regularly push themselves to preeminence. Their 'technology' is laughable. And most of their societies oppress their fellow creatures as little more than wingos and plenot. It will be very easy to secure their natural resources in case natural disaster should occur." "But what about the physiological profile of the people?" the magi asked, with his back turned from Netan. "Ah yes, I believe the majority of the natives would lust after the opportunity for power. I also have no doubt the the progeny would follow suit, since they know nothing else besides that life. And the people can be easily mislead. Why there are several superstitions among the natives regarding carved statues of

stone and wood. They would easily believe any teaching that promised them power over their fellow beings." "good" the magi whispered quietly to himself. Apparently the mentality of the inhabitants on the third planet would readily accept his idea. "So Netan, if the progeny were to be enticed to, well, attack each other, what do you think would be the most effective lure?" "Well..." Netan rubbed his forehead "whenever I or one of the other watchers approached one of the progeny, they seemed to detect our presence. Just like the reports from the barbarian we secured five seasons ago. Because of this, they are very cordial to each other. The one I encountered wanted to meet and talk with me. He wanted to know if I knew why he didn't die as other natives. They are very confused about their heritage and see each other as possibly having the answers that they lack." "But could they be driven to attack one another, even kill?" the magi fought hard to keep his anxiety out of his voice tone. "Well, they are still barbarians. If they thought that they could gain something, more power or strength, I'm quite sure they would." "Good!" the magi loudly exclaimed. His plan had a strong chance of succeeding. Now he only had to work out the details. Netan looked at his leader questioning. Whatever the magi was planning he knew would be for the good of the Kintaka. However, something about his questions bothered him. <br> When the magi ordered him to create a physiological profile on the inhabitants of the third planet Netan had been only mildly confused. The order had been sent sub spaced to him while he was still on the planet. At the time, he didn't really question it. If the progeny were to return to Kintaka then they needed to know exactly what their mentality was. But now, as he listened to the magi speak of violence and manipulation, his fears resurfaced.

> The magi sent Netan away to continue his plan. An unfortunate incident fifteen seasons ago was the leading impetus for his idea. The wife of a farmer had been accidentally beheaded by the man's cutlery tools while helping to restock their barn. Her husband was also in the barn resting after weeding their twenty acre farm by hand. He was exhausted but he quickly ran towards his wife when he saw the blade descend. The other field hands described the most amazing sight. His wife's Quiczen, instead of rising slowly towards the sky to begin its trek to the cloud, turned on the husband. The witnesses describe the most incredible electric light show. The barn was completely destroyed by the blast. The farmer, however, was invigorated by his wife's Quiczen. He even was reported as remembering some of their life events as seen through her eyes. The scientists determined that it was the elevated heart rate of the excited man that drew his wife's Quiczen. The magi didn't care why exactly the Quiczen entered into the farmer. All he was concerned about was that it did. The wife's Quiczen was trapped in her husband's body until he died. At his beheading the observers recorded seeing a double sized Quiczen exiting his corpse. Further there was lighting and thunder unlike any other release ceremony. The Quiczen could be restrained by trapping it inside the body of another. The only requirement was that the other person be in a state of fatigue or excitement. This property would work well in his plans. The progeny's Quiczen could be indefinitely trapped inside each other's body, keeping it from causing havoc. He only had to create a plan to ensure the right conditions were met to cause the reaction. Plus, he had to make sure that none of the watcher guard were around during the exchange. It would be counterproductive to invite the memories of Jathon's progeny to reside in any Kintakan. No, he would also need to devise a plan to keep track of the progeny from a distance. <br> The magi looked up at the watcher's symbol painted above his entrance

door. The blue concentric circles stood for everlasting wisdom that flowed down the channels to those who wore the symbol. He felt the guidance of all past magi's whispering in his ears as he stared at the symbol. The magi leaned back and closed his eyes as he formulated his plan.

Methos was a slave. He had been a slave for so long he could not remember any life before, no matter how hard he tried. He watched generation after generation of people age and die while he toiled underneath their whips and clubs. Whenever he was able to escape, or was cast out as a monster he always wound up as a slave in the new territory he stumbled into. He had no family, no tribe, and was therefore prey to anyone. He tried to use his undying nature to convince many of his captures that he was a god or some kind of supernatural deity. Those that didn't torch him to death used his nature for their amusement or became extremely cruel and vicious. they reasoned that he must be under some punishment from some angered god since his social estate was so low. Even when he encountered others like himself, or at least he suspected that they were like himself, he was tormented. Methos discovered that he could hear and feel the presence of others like him even before he could see them. However, those that he met had been excepted as part of a tribe. He even met another who was revered as a god, but she condemned Methos as an outcast from the spirit world to keep him from usurping her prominent position. His worst lifetime was spent with the egyptians, where he had been crushed several times during pyramid construction. The one time he thought his fortune had changed was when his master sold him as an undying spirit to the royal slave keeper. Methos was horrified to wake up entombed with hundreds of dead servants. It had taken him at least forty years of relatively non-stop digging to resurface. Sadly, once he crawled out from the tomb he was picked up by a downtrodden egyptian who sold him to pay for his debts. Life for Jathon's first born was miserable, wet and lonely.

End  
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